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HORIZONS




E. A. HARRYMAN.

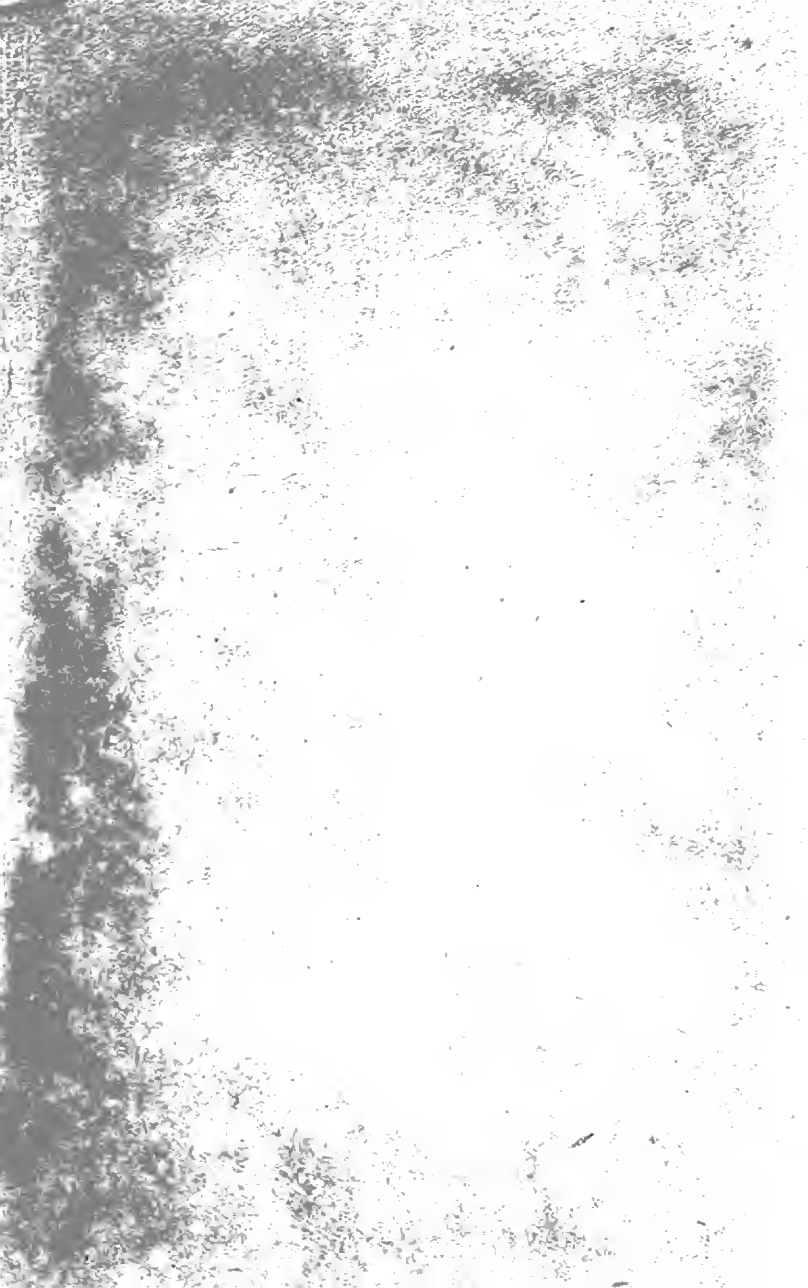
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HORIZONS



POEMS BY
COLIN TOLLY

HORIZONS
AT DAWN AND
AT DUSK

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO
MCMXVIII

TO
SIR I
MY WIFE

Φέρε καὶ φεροῦ.

*‘ Suyvons de par Dieu, suyvons : il meine ceulx qui suyvent ;
ceulx qui ne le suyvent pas, il les entraisne.’*

MONTAIGNE.

· · · · ·
‘Ο τὰ νῦν ἰδὼν πάντα ἑώρακεν, ὅσα τε ἐξ αἰδίου ἐγένετο
καὶ ὅσα εἰς τὸ ἄπειρον ἔσται· πάντα γὰρ ὁμογενῇ καὶ
ὁμοειδῇ.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου.

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THE LOST KINSHIP

DIVORCED from Nature and their deepest joy
In this late age how many dwell—poor curst
Shades wandering in an underworld where worst
Lusts, follies thrive ! And rarely the tripping coy
Handmaiden to the Gods, Delight, the Boy
Pure sportive Love, do *any* meet !—for nursed
Like wild wolf-children these on hills, the first
Men roaming through the wilds most oft gave glad
‘ Ahoy ! ’

A ‘ Hail ! ’ they gave, and were on friendly terms
At summer noons and in the moonlit glades
With Nature’s loveliness and familiars :
But in this vaunted modern life glooms, jars
Our souls benumb, save when the huntsman raids—
Or poet, lover—fastnesses, and Joy re-affirms !

HORIZONS

FLIGHT FROM A CITY

Oh, let me walk through woods where Hippocrene
Contentedly might flow through leafy bowers,
Where jasmine, dog-rose, honeysuckle flowers
And myrtle twine in garlands—Nature's screen
Before her Fount !—And nymphs upon this green
Could dance, singing for frolic Pan (who cowers
Behind a copse !)—enchanter-god with powers
To smite, to thrill, to flood with mystic sheen !

Oh, wayward race of men ! If ye bewitched
Must be, was Pan's rare woodland note so faint
To allure that now our car grows firmly hitched
To some dull Demogorgon's Wheel ? Harsh plaint
Its grinding mechanisms raise !—but nighed
In woodland fanes still shrives the exultant god
his saint !

ANCIENT FANES: EPOCHS IN MINIATURE

*'Heresy to the heretic, and religion to the
orthodox; but the dust of the rose-petal is
known only to the heart of the perfume-seller.'*

HÁFIZ

ANCIENT FANES : EPOCHS IN MINIATURE

(1)

DELPHI

THIS semicircle in the wooded slopes
Of Mount Parnassus holds in its embrace
The oracle and shrine towards which vain hopes
Of foresight, heavenly wisdom, lured the race
For ages. Pythia mounts the tripod ! Tropes
Resound ! The God's in her ecstatic face !
Vast sky-roof'd golden temples rise, which wonders
Divine oft guard. But Time ev'n Delphi plunders.

(2)

ELEUSIS

Here did the elder Goddess wailing find
A home with Celeus, when Persephone
To Hades had been plunged. And here in mind
Vindictive did she wither Earth, till She
Her Lov'd one rose again. Then left behind
They, gift of corn and the great Mystery.
Thence her initiates saw th' Eternal Essence,
Iacchos-Kore,—Life's rejuvenescence !

ANCIENT FANES

(3)

THEBES

From Karnak and the Lybian desert sands
Great Ammon-Ra, the fertile Ram, the Sun,
In propylon-fronted temple-courts the lands
O'erspread. His priests vast power and treasures
won
From Egypt, kings dethroned, the teeming strands
Of Nile long ruled, crushing the million.
To Ptah at Memphis, Ammon-Ra, then Horus,
Swells Love-of-Life in low death-haunted chorus !

(4)

ERIDHU

From Eridhu, the great Sumerian port
Where Ea god of seas and deep thoughts dwelt,
Spread North Asari-Marduk—sole-begot
Of him—and Il, Anu and Shamas knelt
Down to his radiance ! He, bright god of thought,
Sun-strength, in high shrines terraced, all excell'd.
Bel-Marduk, sea and sky and earth-god blended,
O'er Middle Sea's young cultures thy soul tended !

HORIZONS

(5)

APHACA

Far up from Bylbos was the sacred grove
Where the wild boar Adonis slew, his blood
Sprang up Anemone, Astarte strove
To trace him through the briery cedar-wood,
And kissed him, dying. Ah, Tammuz, Tammuz, Love
And Lord, thou 'rt gone ! Thou Love ! Thou sacred
Food !
To sea, on springs, Adonis dead went sailing,
Amid low harp-throbs, myrrh-scents, flute-notes wailing !

(6)

PESSINUS

In mountain-cave a meteoric stone
Here stood embodying Cybele. Here, grave
Of Attis, Son and Lover, found alone
Unmann'd, beneath a pine ! In memory rave
The Corybantic priests when hills are strewn
With violets : then in bulls'-blood they lave !
—And on the Vatican the same baptismal
Red Bull's-blood Bath was given, holy, chrismal !

ANCIENT FANES

(7) •

THE MASS

Two thousand years this sacrificial rite
Has spread out from the Middle Sea. Enshrined
In it are memories of secret night-
Communions in the Catacombs. Behind
There loom its ancient foes, the Orphic Light,
The Zagrean Food, and Attis, Mithra twin'd !
Oh, solemn Christian Mystery, thou nearer
And purer Stage to Man-God's Vision clearer !

(8)

PEKIN : THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

Each winter solstice here the Emperor
Aloft on highest platform celebrates
The immemorial rite to Shang-Ti. Soar
Then chants to Heaven, while he dedicates
The symbols solemnly. His people pour
Libations in their lives : these he translates !
Thou, Sage, Confucius, fixed supreme Solidity
'Neath Heaven, in life and race,—gave true Placidity !

HORIZONS

• (9)

ISÉ

Isé's dark noble cedar-groves have held
Age-long the Mirror Amaterasu gave
The earliest ancestor. And so impell'd
Each spring to pilgrimage of Joy, a wave
Of life foams round the silent shrines : deep swell'd
Within, the racial floods the bubbles lave !
Bright, everlastingly, Oh Race Sun-dowered,
Thy Spirit, Devotion sky-clear, breaks surf-showered !

(10)

ARANYAKAN FANES

By springs on wooded hills in Northern Ind
Those sage ones dwelt who th' Upanishads wrote.
The altars where they worshipped were the wind,
The sun, wide Nature's beauties. Those who quote
The Vedas, to Siva pray, they still unbind,
By 'Tat twam asi' from wheels of sense, wheels devout.
Oh, loftiest Heights of forest sages, transcendancy
Was thine :—our furthest Thought still thy dependency !

ANCIENT FANES

(11)

ANURADHAPURA

Beneath this Bô-tree did enlightenment
To Buddha come. From such triumphant topes,
Such mighty towns, his spirit like a scent
Rose up and wafted—o'er the fretted hopes
And dreams of men throughout the Orient—
A sense of bliss, ev'n on Samsâra's slopes.
Oh, thou great Master of interior clarity,
Thy Thought flowers through the ages, and thy
Charity !

(12)

JERUSALEM

In far Akkad the Semites ruled supreme
O'er mighty cities, culture-realms ; but here
The Shepherd-Kings of Israel o'er gleam
Of moral loftiness in many a seer !
Shekinah ! Which, waxed refulgent, could redeem
The world through Prophets', Jesus' Love austere !
Ah, Mystic, Lover, thou through life's distresses
Perfection saw, and Friends, and God's caresses !

HORIZONS

(13)

MEDINA

Mohammed lies in state in El-Harân,
With gaze ('tis said) still o'er to Mecca turned.
So, daily the Faithful bow, from caravan,
In mosque, at muezzin's cry. The world then
spurned,
They join at Kaaba's shrine, and so attain
Their unity in Allah, with peace adorned.
Oh, Prophet, praise to thy new Faith intense,
Its Sufis, pure shrines, spirit's eminence !

(14)

CROCKERN TOR

'Twas midnight, and within the moonlit glade
Up on high Crockern Tor the solitary
Neophyte up-whirled his arms, then prayed
Beside the altar-stone,—while Puck and faerie
Leapt around in sprightly glee, and staid
Diana hunted long the sky-deer wary.
Oh, white fair yearner,—off'ring sacrificial,
When Souths the Sun-God from his heights solstitial !

ANCIENT FANES

(15)

UPSALA

Upsala's temple was the high abode
On earth of Asar,—Odin, Thor and Frey.
Deep-twin'd in world-myths formed they central node
Of stern free Northern life. 'Fore great essay
Here Vikings sacrificed, the blood-cup brew'd
At altar drank, runes muttered, grim and grey.
Oh, storm and mountain-force,—ye Viking warriors,—
Of Strength, and Wit, and Troth ye were best marriers !

(16)

L'ENVOI

Still radiance glows about these ancient fanes.
It draws us, tho' some say they see the roots
Of Being bare, exposed. ' 'Tis false ! ' refrains
Each Faith,—' the Tree 's alive : and we are " shootes
Of everlastingness " sprouting through pains ! '—
So to Heavenly Yoni-Cup each self devotes !
Ah, blossoming Tree ! Ah, Soma-Juice ! Ah, bloody
Lamb's Sacrifice ! Thy Roots are hid ! Deep, moody,
We know we dwell in a life,—more than red, more than
woody !

HORIZONS

THREE SONNETS ON FATE

(1)

FATE : OUTER-INNER .

THAT autumn when the Germans, marching South
Towards Paris, whirled our armies back and back,
We shuddered as though far we heard the crack
Of Doom commencing, and with hardening mouth
We whispered, 'Where will be the end?' Plague,
Drouth

And Want, gaunt spectres rose amain! A rack
Those days to most: it seemed stern Fate might hack
Our England down as fiend-foes razed our youth.

To shallow souls those days struck a first chill
That withered some. But those who on a hill,
Or deep in woods, or by the sea at night,
Had heard, awe-struck, the Fates thrud low—then
bright
Far-echoing chords within—all tense and still
Stood to their posts, or else sprang forth to fight!

THREE SONNETS ON FATE

(2)

FATE AND APOLLO

But what is Fate ?—Is 't the strong metal bond
Imagined by the Greeks round all to clank,—
E'en on the Gods' swift feet up on the bank
Of Mount Olympos sauntering ! (So fond
Anacreon did dream, and wreathed with blond
Filletts the ring !) Or do they carolling prank,
Those Three Maids, with the lives of men ? Is 't a
lank
Grey Norn aye brewing ill, the mounts beyond ?

Nay ! Fate is no such fabled form malign,
But Brocken-spectre of the Past, congealed
In mist !—*How* powerful, by the Muses nine,
By Helicon's pure springs, most clear revealed,—
Where skeptical, they frank incarnadine
Free Truth, Love, Beauty, Joy, in dances wheel'd !

HORIZONS

(3)

FATE AND IACCHOS

None but Apollo knows where the Fates weave,
Who waits on them or thread provides ; and none
But he knows how it is on Helicon
When moonlight plays about the glades. But leave
Apollo sun-enthroned ! We mortals grieve
O'er nations, heroes, bright long-lov'd ones gone
Into the realms of Night, and question
If Earth's a ball which Gods in sport upheave !

Clear answer hath no man !—But we can trace
Causation, like the winds around the globe,
Destroying, vivifying. (Fate's embrace
Conditions us thus-wise !) And who shall probe
What *seeds* Earth hath, and Man,—or if wide space,
Sun, stars, do not some mystic God enrobe ?

SONYA'S SMILE

SONYA'S SMILE

(To my wife, who was away ill.)

At four months came into her eyes new gleams
Of roguery and intent knowingness :
Strong sunrise-flashes, almost in excess
They flame out through the banked-up cloudy dreams
Of infancy, its dawn's wild tempest-screams,
Bewailings—so the sun's sharp first caress
Of earth aeonian, cloud-begirt ! Ah, yes,
In Sonya's smile the Sun of Life shines beams !

Long, sunny, may she us irradiate
From where she waxing glows in her new East !
We, Westering, ere long must abdicate
To her and her co-equals high noon's feast
Of joys. Then twilit shall we contemplate
Her Day,—then starry Night, aloft, released.

HORIZONS

ODE TO THE EARTH AND THE MOON

ἐν ἀνδρῶν, ἐν θεῶν γένος . . . ἀλλὰ τι προσφέρομεν ἔμπαν
ἢ μέγαν
νόον ἥτοι φύσιν ἀθανάτοις.

PIND. *Nem.* vi.

EPODE *a*

OH Earth, oh Moon, flashing up from the fathomless
deeps,

To your great Life we cling, oh you wonderful
creatures of Time !

That you wheel with a ten-fold, most intricate
rhythm, hand-link'd,

And each minute ten thousand miles¹ higher are
poised as you climb,

We have heard :—but we vision it not,—nor your rich
calm, sublime,

(Though high soaring so fast !) nor your still transc'd
magical sleeps

Summer nights, when your broad seas face smiling,
and Earth dreams cloud-blink'd !

¹ For estimates of the translational motion of the Galaxy see *Nature*,
May 4th, 1916.

ODE TO THE EARTH AND MOON

STROPHE *a*

In the Cordillieras two fierce mountain-hawks—
A mother and young one—in play-fight are swooping—
Vision elusive of buoyant wild Life !—
Though the Earth and the Moon may be likewise
impell'd
In their flight by a Mood quite transcendent that baulks
All our efforts to pierce to its source, the long strife
Astronomical,—how to conceive their twin'd looping .
As mere Weight, Speed and Curves—down the
ages has well'd !

STROPHE *β*

To measure such things is to measure the length
Of your lov'd one's ear, or the breadth of her smile !
In peace let Earth be !
'Tis enough Her to see,—
Or to dance with her long on the green
At Midsummer's Eve ! 'Tis half vile,
In the dance as she leaps, to reckon the strength
Of her leaders and calves to a drachma,—She,
priceless Queen !

HORIZONS

ANTISTROPHE α

But a Truth mathematical *is* part-divine !
Some ancients dreamt Numbers the earth and skies
built,—
Space *n*-Dimensional may be a realm
Mysterious—thrilling as Fairyland !
And tho' Truth's not the *whole*,—round Earth's Truth
best entwine
Our Beauty and Love ! (These may spite what can
whelm
Her with infamy—bigotry tragic—blood spilt
In Her name,—Virgin She, great Athena with
wand !)

ANTISTROPHE β

Of Numbers the Truth *is* divine ! But should She
Rule, Athena, apart from bold Zeus, fair Apollo,
'Twere splendid—but cold !
For the Earth-truths we're told
Are unfruitful unless they bloom warm'd
By the fires of Love, Beauty :—then follow,
These united, great blessings, life radiant and free,
Richly dower'd, to fine issues touch'd, from dross
all transform'd !

ODE TO THE EARTH AND MOON

EPODE β

Oh Earth, oh Moon, when Athena has weighed you and
spann'd

All your curls, and your Maenad-like dance, you,
ecstatic, will laugh

And pass on! For you worship not much *our*
Olympic Great Ones,

But strange dark Dionysiac Beauties, with ivy-twin'd
staff.

Warm and fertile they hide, working wonders unseen,—
oft they quaff

Wine more potent than any Ambrosia,—charm to the
land

Of grave Pluto,—charm to the Heights, with wild
mystic whirl'd Suns!

HORIZONS

SOARING

PENSIVELY to brood o'er the infinite
Of endless space, and the Unseen around—
Dark and impalpable, but sensed by sound
Of vaguest murmurings—this the soul's flight
Into the wordless (the inalienable right
Of each, to soar and pass beyond the bound
Of this mortality) alone is found
In Man unsure from Phantasies dark and bright.

Spell-weavers raise Shapes and give the Unutterable
tongue !—
(Their magic numbs wings as they dazzle and
hypnotize)
Better than Cave-rites the darkness looming, tho'
wrung
With bitterness !—But the soul's ecstatic
surprise
Is to float 'mid dreamy exhalations sprung
From Night and Mystery and the Starry Skies.

THE KINETIC WAY

THE KINETIC WAY

ABSORBED in contemplation, wholly rapt,

His vigil secretly he celebrates

Where birch and moorlands cease before the gates
Of unknown mountains. Virile, or with strength sapp'd,
Here he has All : the astral realms lie mapp'd

In him on texture fine which antedates

The Galaxies ; through him reverberates

The World-Music, now soft, now thund'ring as Jove
ne'er clapp'd !

In him the suns and spiral systems wind

Slow, sinuously ; electrons glitter and gleam

In microcosmic dervish-dance ; entwin'd,

Ecstatic, he leaps to all rhythms ! In a calm, supreme,
Float the singing multitudes, tuned to the Mind
Of Nature's Host and His transcendent Theme !

HORIZONS

THE UNSEEN FRIEND

(THE SENSE OF UNITY)

(*To E. A.*)

Unto thy loneliness is there not brought
Sometimes with angelic touch a sudden calm—
When that blest sense more deep than any thought
Awakes, and the supporting holy Palm
Of One is felt ?—mysteriously hid,
It penetrates ev'n 'neath the shifting sands
At the soul's marge of barren shores. (So did
One far in mountain-solitudes the hands
Of Him He called ' Our Father ' grasp in prayers
And wrenched communings.) Oh ! for the unfailing
Sense within that One who knows and cares
Dwells close behind the veil of death, the wailing
Of half-formed creatures ! Beauty, Unity,
Deep mystical, let us echo Thy Harmony !

ORGAN-MUSIC

ORGAN-MUSIC

THE poise and surging of a mighty fugue—
Outfolded from an elemental flame
Into a world's tumultuous harmonies—
Uplifts us till we see the storms and stress
Of this Earth-life creation similar :
' Affirm, accept ! ' it sings ; we echo ' Yea ! '
And welcome all from theme to final chords !

But mystic flights of organ-harmony—
High flutes o'er reeds, the horn amid the woods—
Entrance us till this old mortality
Slips off ; and soaring to still timeless realms
The old familiar Framework of life's laws—
Thought's categories—fades surpassed, resolved
Into the central Fire divine—its Source and Home !

HORIZONS

TIME AND THE WATER-FILM

(1)

DWELLERS 'neath the water-film
We hurry to and fro :
We little reck the worlds above
The phosphorescent glow,
Electric shimmer, of the nebulae
Which tinge the Film (in coruscating slime)
Which bounds, perchance, existence that we know
From universes vast, transcending Time !

(2)

At sundown, sheltered in the lee of woods,
While overhead the winter gales race fast,
The black-branched trees against the coloured sky
Appear to sway and float as 'neath the sea
The weedy forests there ! Entwin'd, they wave
In silence in the transparent element
Out-spread ! And we, like them immersed, do grow
Within the winds, the tides of Time (our roots

TIME AND THE WATER-FILM

Dark hid in Earth) while far beyond Time's clear
Inconstant medium there lie what worlds
Aetherial, with interflow perchance,—
By the planes of Water-Film,—of nebulae
Beneath, or where like pure white lily-fronds
Minds mystical unfold above Time's Sea !

HORIZONS

A WINTER NIGHT-WALK

THE crescent-moon seen through the birchen-trees
Wakes elfin-laughter in the heart ! The path
Up near the summit rings to melodies
Whose silvery overtones—sweet aftermath
Or echo of old song—fade far away
In pixies' pipings ! Moonlit frosted air
Reveals the secret folk, and stirs up gay
Long-slumbering fancies,—swift they rise and bear
Us dancing back to faerie-dowered birth-
Days of the Past ! In this fantastic light
We butterflies emerge to know the Earth
No daytime quarry only, but at night
The eternal playground of the young King Puck,—
And we his outer courtiers—if we have luck !

NOVEMBER AT MATLOCK

NOVEMBER AT MATLOCK

SOME mornings in the Matlock moors a mist
Lies in the dales, such dreamy stillness spreads
Around that 'tis not hard to glimpse the meads
As they stood age-long by the salt-fjords kiss'd
And tropically verdurous—or ic'd,
Barren and glacier-swept ! So, fertile, breeds
Cold sunn'd haze visions how time supersedes,
Change quick transmutes, as by a juggler's twist !

Now come wild days of storm, abandoned whirls
Each watery element ; they grey fog wreathes
Along the crests as waveringly unfurls
By Acheron old Charon's host ! Then breathes
New morn up o'er the sunlit moors, the curls
Of snow. Clear wintry stillness peace bequeathes.

HORIZONS

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

(1)

DIFFUGERE NIVES

HORACE, Bk. IV. Ode vii.

THE snows have fled, and now the corn's springs green,
The trees unfold their buds ;
Earth her seasons changes, and the streams
Flow gently after floods :
And naked the Grace her sisters dares to lead
With Nymphs in singing chains.
But hope no immortal things the years us rede,
The hour calls, the sweet day wanes.—
Spring-winds temper frosts, then summer reigns
In turn, until the fruits
Of autumn hold high feast, then cold constrains
Life once more to its roots ;—
And quickly the moons renew their perfect bent.—
But we, when we fall, fade
To where Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus went—
To ashes and a shade.
Whether the high gods shall to-morrow band
Unto to-day, who knows ?

DIFFUGERE NIVES

Time shall sweep away from thy eager heir's hand
 The bowers that thy lov'd soul enclose.
And when thou shalt die, and Minos over thee
 Shall cast his regnant spell,
Nor race, Torquatus, wit nor piety,
 Restores you here to dwell :
For nor Diana could Hippolytus
 Her boy from Night's realms free,
Nor Theseus break for dear Pirithöus
 The Lethean empery.

HORIZONS

(2)

BACCHUM IN REMOTIS

HORACE, Bk. II. Ode xix.

Remote in a rocky glen Bacchus I saw
Teaching his songs (let the future believe)
To a circle of listening Nymphs
And sharp-ear'd goat-footed Satyrs.
Euhoe ! my heart still thrills touch'd with fresh fear,
Pants still my breast in its troubled delight
To be filled with the god ! Great One spare !
Oh spare thou with dread-dealing thyrsees !
Embolden'd I sing now Thyiades wild,
Wines flow from springs, and rich rivers of milk,
And from bees' hordes in hollow great oaks
Comes honey, slowly out-pouring.
And beautiful Ariadne's crown (I can sing)
Raised to the stars, and the flame-scattered ruin
Of Thracian Pentheus's halls,
And death of madden'd Lycurgus.
Thou canst the barbarian seas and rivers control :
Rapt on far peaks dost thou wreathe through the hair

BACCHUM IN REMOTIS

Of thy priestesses viperine knots

(All harmless) hissing and savage.

Thou didst, when the impious race of Titans arose,

Threat'ning the might of thy father, cast down

To the earth their fell leader, in guise

Leónine, horribly blood-fang'd.

Though often appearing móre form'd for the dance,

Singing and play, than a god to bear fight,

(For thy frenzy is union divine)

The same thou art—peace or war's-midst.

Thee shining with mystic horn Cerberus knew,

(Hell-hound ev'n he fear'd the god and was tame)

Pensive-tail'd and abased he adored,

With tri-tongue licking thy feet, thighs.

HORIZONS

THE FIRST GREAT-FETISH WORSHIPPER

IN the late Miocene, amid the dense
Umbrageous forests (lost now, deep submerged
Beneath the Indian Ocean) swiftly urged
His way a-hunting—every vigorous sense
Alert—a friendly furry impudence !
The jungle thinned, and on a ridge whence verged
Cliffs to a vale below, he sudden surged
To meet a red stone on an eminence !

With fright he twittered, for it looked alive,
Standing alone there in the setting sun.
But soon, as still'd he gazed, it grew a god
Of sun, heat, virile strength ! Trembling he
trod :
Then sped away. But hunting, amours done
In dream or sight of it did strangely thrive !

NEANDERTHAL MAN

NEANDERTHAL MAN ¹

How many strains of man have passed and gone
Into the limbo of forgotten years !
Mousterian man was one of the lost pioneers
Who homed in Europe's fastnesses : on bone
He made rude drawings, and with rough-chipp'd stone
He hunted, fought ! What dreams and hopes and tears
Beneath the stars for ages were ;—then sneers
Of a higher race,—then *his* race's dying moan !

While he a pioneer out to the North
Had pushed, far back in Asia man had swung
On, upward, in the ascent to brains ! Soon forth
They wandered, raiding ; and though fast he clung
(Poor beetling-brows !) to his lands, his wind-swept
hearth,
They cast him down from his perch on a Progress-
rung !

¹ He lived for about twenty-five thousand years in Europe.

HORIZONS

LOCH TREIG : RANNOCH

REMOTE, ensconced 'mid ancient hills and moors,
A still high mountain Fastness, stands Loch Treig.
The lonely fisher yields to sweet fatigue
And hunger's call, viewing the long contours ;
Then somnolent in plaid at bows, conjures
In wraith and echo episodes the league-
Stretch'd Rannoch Moor has known, the fierce intrigue
Of Stuart times, outlaws, and whirl'd claymores !

Could Ossian again these hills salute,
No doubt he foaming would the railroad curse
Which desecrates the Lochs ; then when all mute
Wide nature lies, and mist or stars immerse
The scene in magic, would he contribute
One more sad lay from man to universe.

MARCUS AURELIUS

MARCUS AURELIUS

Great men great losses bear. Thus he who wore
Th' Imperial purple noblest, often changed
Robes for a simple tunic, so, arranged,
Endured campaigns,—and died. In bitter lore
Of Stoic Porch he had been reared; and more
Than most had need of inner strength, estranged
From joy by the o'er-strenuous times, and manged
Familially in son, and wife (—a whore ?).

Kingly exemplar thou to latest age
Of contemplative warrior-soul 'mid powers
Of Change! No vision bequeathed beyond the
Stage
Hadst thou: yet on it, 'midst th' embattled
towers
Of state enthroned, or encamped afar with wage
Of hardship, death, thy soul most pure still
flowers!

HORIZONS

THOREAU

For 'life' and love, the sin and fantasy
And joy of close companionships
He was not born : nor were his lips
By the wine-god nor woman's sighs set free !
No ! but by Walden's shore Mnemosyne
Breathed o'er him, and as from her hips
In faun-like form reborn he slips
Beyond Man's habitudes through Woods of Mystery !

Life was to him a pagan Sacrament—
Sunsets and dawns, and summer rains, and snows,
Memorials of the starry launch and bourne
Of Earth and Man ! And do we faint, or
mourn
The spectacle, can we not also vows
And visions seek the world to circumvent ?

SECURITY IN FREEDOM

SECURITY IN FREEDOM

SECURITY and Freedom are twin-poles
Between which every creature oscillates.
Each vivifies, and each destroys : but mates
In harmony they lead to kingly rôles !
All creatures have their private nests or holes
Of refuge, where they lie beyond chance fates :
But Earth's true mystics and initiates,
E'en roped on precipice, possess their souls !
An official Seat to some, or convent Cell,
Safe bliss appears : while others on the heights
Or trackless wastes far roam, enthrall'd by spell
Of Freedom ! Happy three !—But many blights
Or swift decay have found ere they can dwell
Where Freedom with Security unites.

HORIZONS

ESTUARINE WALKS

(SESTINA)

(*To F. W. D.*)

SOME shores are melancholy, there the sea
Beats fitfully upon the sandy wastes.
—Here stretch far out bare rocks and weedy pools ;
The sea-mew's yearning petulant cry resounds
Throughout the emptiness ; betwixt broad lines
Of loose drift and the oncoming sea broods youth.

A Northern estuary knew a youth
Who wandered oft alone down by the sea,—
Oft drifted lost in thought, casting out lines
To plumb perchance the deeps, the unending wastes,
He felt around ;—no bottom touched ! (Resounds
The sea-mew's cry mocking o'er distant pools !)

A friend he found who dwelt near to those pools :
They talked deep, long ; for she had passed through a youth
Of solitude and reverie. (Resounds
'Futility'—low-echoing wail !) The sea
Her one strong passion was ; in those great wastes
Her soul knew home. Cimmerian her sad lines !

ESTUARINE WALKS

Salt, yearning-bitter were those days. Their lines
Soon parted. But again those shores and pools
Were seen with him whose uncle's death great wastes
Had caused,—great song! Strange! He, a hard dry
youth,

Byronic, looked on peoples as a sea
Of futile surge! ('Cæsar'—aloft resounds!)

He dreamt of fame and power and wealth! (Resounds
To him now what new cry?) Diverging lines
Again! Then once more to the shimmering sea
With new friend came the youth; by Western pools
They sauntered, where he dwelt. Oh, fortunate youth
To know him, and his Friend,—Moon-light o'er wastes!

Oh, Moon-beams, Western Sun o'er whirling wastes,—
By Thy light long they walked where clear resounds
The sea-wind through the pines, till waxing youth
From plumbing deeps refrained, the wavering lines
Aloft new searched for Beauty, which o'er pools
Now glimmered magical and tinged the sea!

Oh, sea of Life! Oh, vast desires of youth!—
Life's pools' deeps plumbless lie! (Afar resounds
The mocking mew!) Sky-lines at dusk change wastes!

HORIZONS

SACRAMENTAL PEACE

(RONDEAU)

THE sacramental peace of infancy
In semi-conscious bliss on mother's knee,
Or the deep sleep of childhood, when young eyes,
Tired brains, profoundly sleep, is a calm which lies
Beyond recall for us elders, verily !

But while we tried our youth's new battery
Of charms, its bold assaults, ability
To feint and to rebound, in strange surprise
The sacramental peace

Of Life's sweet secret harmonies did we
Not once first wakening feel ? No canopy
For priestly rites confines it to the wise :—
For Love's own rituals, the golden skies
Of autumn, Death's soft hand, on Earth best set free
Sacramental peace.

LOVE AND THE WORLD

LOVE AND THE WORLD

THE stars may glow and scintillate,
The earth may yield her fruits ;
They *touch* not as does my true mate
Down to my very roots.

The stars and earth are atmosphere
And colour, light and heat ;
But when she playing kisses near
'Tis blood and very heart's beat.

Oh, were the Souls of suns and earths
All clear unto our eyes,
We should see *their* Loves' fiery births
All strange beyond surmise !

Strange stars and earths and souls abound
Unknown to us half-blind men ;
But in her kisses I have found
Peace,—home with Gods I ween !

HORIZONS

The suns and worlds may have their Souls—

Full wonderful they may be ;

But they have no divine aureoles—

As my love has to me !

THE THIRD KINGDOM

THE THIRD KINGDOM

(RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ)

The way is long, but the centuries are long :

Have peace, to Freedom Man shall win a way !
So let us cheer our age-long march with song,
And fortify our souls from day to day !

Ten thousand years are but a dash of spray
Up from Life's Ocean, to the vanguard throng
Of Primates but a day's march ! True, we say—
The way is long, but the centuries are long.

Oh, cruel bloody Past, when first the thong
Was felt, and in forced ranks men had to obey
The tyrant, priest, taboo ! But spite of Wrong
Have peace, to Freedom Man shall win a way !

Strange how the Full-Grown once was Child at play !
They are the same, though atoms all among
The members are replaced ! Growth spells Decay !
So let us cheer our age-long march with Song !

HORIZONS

Decay spells Growth ! So let us know, wise, strong,
Our certain heritage to come,—survey
The All from poised indwelling heights, aye young,—
And fortify our souls from day to day !

. . . The Way is long.

LIFE'S REWARDS

LIFE'S REWARDS

(GLOSE)

*We have had our reward—and it is here ;
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.*

Most men look up to states that they would deem
Were fit reward ! Despiséd Sudras look
With envy on the castes above, which seem
Illusive rank to rack'd souls seeking nook
Of refuge from life's blows. Thus He forsook
World-seeking ! So, like many an ancient seer,
Some few aye sing, remote on hills,—environ'd
By woods and flowers and birds, the magic beam
Of moonlight, astral dreams by lonely mere,—
We have had our reward—and it is here !

Ascetics, these have high reward, they know
Pure springs of Life. But the soul-denying fail
To reach clear heights, and strive and plan below
For seeming-solid goods,—how to prevail,
To dominate their kind ; they loudly wail
If fate or chance is hard ! Too rarely one
Escapes above with soul raw, sear'd, or iron'd :

HORIZONS

Hill-convalescents these, whose best o'erflow
With joy as each this strange truth finds, strife done,
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the Sun !

Life's convalescents have long pensive spells,
Swift times of rapture too ! But many a man
Brief respite knows from life's perpetual bells,
Imperious calls. Such, filled with high élan,
Illusioned, patient some, dwell in the van
Of battle, where close flies the poisoned spear
Of death :—to them comes Duty's last reward—
A Soldier's grave ! These, and communal wells
Of men, deep, still and pure, we most revere,—
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear.

Communal wells of men ! Calm, they reflect
The stars, the children's faces, gazing down
Upon their depths. Cool, have such little reck'd
Earth's heats, Men's storms, aye off'ring their proud
town,
Each passer-by, refreshment, strength ! Renown
They have, and Love, till they 're forgot. The sphere
Revolving ends all wells, all wars. Man's sward
Eternally is swept, and freshly deck'd.
Lands sink as we ! In death's Sea Life shall appear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

AN ANCESTRAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY

'Quasi cursores vitæ lampada trahunt.'

LUCRETIVS.

'View thy fore-runners.'

HENRY VAUGHAN.

TO
J. ARTHUR THOMSON
M.A., LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF NATURAL HISTORY
UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN

AN ANCESTRAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY

(1)

THE FIRST CHROMATIN GRAIN

THIS microscopic grain here aureoled

With gold and precious stones was once the sole
Live denizen of Earth. From it unroll'd

(As from magic mill !) processional, the whole
Of life,—to rose, to bird, to man's domed poll !

In stable equilibrium here are blent

Most complex proteins, ferments : summit-goal

The Life within, where integrating, spent

Torn molecules flash fires ! Earth shook when in twain
it rent !

(2)

PROTEOMYXA

For long the chromatinic grains divide

And wend their way, small naked souls,—till some
Secrete a slime—a body in which to hide !

Few such join'd dwell enmeshed in a jelly-home
Which hither-thither flows, a living foam

Reacting outwardly, most intricate

Within, where Selves the first Symposium

Of Life create ! Foams interpenetrate

Entranc'd ;—encyst ;—burst forth new, individuate !

HORIZONS

(3)

PROTAMOEBA FILOSA

Each *Proteomyxa* a community
Of equal friendly 'persons' rests and flows.
But *Amoeba* knows the first centrality
Of power. Within, the first-formed nucleus grows
Of chromatinic granules in coiled-up rows ;—
A loose-meshed ferment-factory ; a node
Directive ; soul-life strange reticulose
To this wonder (with far out-streaming pseudopod)
Which full-grown halves, and thus persists,—immortal
brood !

(4)

A LOST CILIATE

Lo, how great branchings from the tree of life
Arise where *Cilio-Flagellates* cohered
Colonial ! How, sharpened by the strife
In brackish seas a filamentous speared
Amoeba-form short cilia grew, then veered
Up natant, free, we know not. Pioneer
He was, who first faint-figured organs reared !
—A nuclear system (with magnetic sphere
Dividing) vacuoles, canals and sex appear !

AN ANCESTRAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY

(5)

THE FIRST GASTRAEA

One day a growing colonial Ciliate
One side in-dimples, thus the rind of cells
Invaginates—a bell ! (All imitate
This, embryonic !) This great change impels
Life on and upward with a leap ! The bells
Of heaven ring to see two-layered beings
Within earth's seas ! Their growth obscurely spells
Mouth, body-cavity, new forward seeings,
Antennae, brains, a fixed twin-sex, and the body's
dyings !

(6)

AN EARLY TURBELLARIAN

From freely-swimming jelly-sacs soon branched
The world of slow sting-Radiates. The van
Of progress though was led when first out-launched
Bilateral active 'worms' ; in them began
Mid-layer, and mouth not central to a fan
Nor terminal, but sheltered under brain—
Precursor ganglion above, 'neath span
Of forward tissue sensitive to pain,
To food, to safety. Active, eyed, life soared amain !

HORIZONS

(7)

A LOST ANNELID

Some old lost Annelid was in the line
Which led up towards the Vertebrates. (The
world
Of Insects branched from forms like it, the brine—
Life first forsaking !) Then began the whorl'd
Segmented forms, with blood and heart and curled
Nephridia. Some still hermaphrodites
Remained : but strange and new outside unfurl'd
Paired gills,—and tentacles, whose touch excites
Each nerve and muscle-banded life towards food, towards
fights !

(8)

A PRE-TUNICATE

The active larva of a Tunicate
Faint-shadows what the far-off ancestor
Of Vertebrates may once have been. We prate
Of brains, we men, but brains with all their lore
Had never been, had not a rod-like core
Developed in some ancient type, new fixity
To give to tail,—or some proboscis-bore
Perchance ! (*What* type amid the lost prolixity
Forerunner was, transitional, is a Time's perplexity !)

AN ANCESTRAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY

(9)

AN EARLY SILURIAN ROUND-MOUTH

Some Silurian smooth-skin'd jawless Cyclostome
Progenitor of Fishes was,—the first
Indubitable Vertebrate to roam
Throughout the seas ! In it were gently nursed
Momentous forward tendencies with a thirst
For speed, adventure,—red-cell'd blood, twin-heart,
Tongue, teeth, and simple gills, a form travers'd
By nervous cord and gristly rod, and a start
Most vague near breast, near tail, of pair'd limbs' counter-
part !

(10)

THE FIRST AMPHIBIAN

Some early fishes left the seas and turned
Up-stream,—to spawn in safety or to feed
By insect-haunted banks of verdure. Learn'd
Soon some to breathe in mud and thick soft weed :
To clamber into air was their proud meed—
Ancestral to the reptiles, birds and man !
What risks they ran ! But their courageous seed
Survived, sense-sharpen'd ! Lost, rude, noble clan
Of pioneers, with race now cosmopolitan !

HORIZONS

(11)

THE EARLY PERMIAN REPTILE-WORLD

On fin-like feet the first land-denizens

Surveyed the horsetail jungle-plains. But soon
Amid the Permian woods and hills, from dens

And sheltered rocks, and from each hot lagoon,—

A new race in a myriad rough types hewn,—

The first four-footed ones, with horny scales !

We find their bones ! But who can hear the tune

They sang at sundown, which like a storm assails

The rising moon,—pregnant with speech and nightin-
gales !

(12)

THE FIRST PLACENTAL MAMMAL

In far-off dim Triassic days the Bird

And Mammal worlds rose up from Reptile stock.

The birds a feathery race, the mammals furr'd

Became. Then while the first-form'd birds from rock

And bush essayed to fly—a fever'd flock,

Small other tribes the bond of love increased,

Maternal : and new feelings, instincts woke

Around the first mammalian family-feast

Where feeble, much-lov'd childhood hidden powers
released !

AN ANCESTRAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY

(13)

MIOCENE MAN

This being from that Lemur-Rodent strain
Which branched up to the Anthropoids was keen
As no precursor's, no co-dweller's brain
With eye and hand. What most did intervene
Between him and his rivals was the serene
Inventiveness he showed, his wit to 'scape
Emergencies unharm'd ! The wide demesne
Of forest-glades he ruled supreme ! Hail, shape
Ancestral,—furry, friendly, fierce,—transcending ape !

(14)

PLIOCENE AND PLEISTOCENE MAN

A million years ago the ancestral men
Were roaming from their central home. With
loud
Rude hungry cries they press'd beyond their ken
In wide successive waves, a motley crowd !
But speech, adornment, fire, soft thoughts avowed
At burials now were known for Man's advance !
Death winnowing fast the warring tribes endowed
With brains the victors ! Slow predominance
Communal wit secured :—hence our great Heritage !

HORIZONS

(15)

L'ENVOI

O'er this magic Atoll-Earth, its hills, lagoons,
One arborescent Tree of Life has spread.
Decay it roughly prunes, and plague-typhoons,
But from age to age it grows dense-columnèd !
We know not Why, nor What shall supersede,—
But o'er all in myriad form and flower and fruit
It waves perennially sweet ! We lead
Its motile shoots ! We burrow, soar,—compute
Its past (—sand-shadow portraits !—) and the stars
salute !

SPECULATIVE

SPECULATIVE

THAT life should be unique, the only 'mode'
To flower upon the face of things is a creed
Beyond all reason, for the infinite seed-
Ground of eternal Being must un-load
Itself in myriad form, by many a road,
From all its stores. Being has many a breed
Like 'life' abroad to fling! Here one like a weed
Prolifically roots; so life's earth's Episode!

On some more peaceful world an isomer
Of life no doubt has grown:—some subtle change
Among the elemental groups could stir
Upwards towards flower a race less ravager
Than ours!—but if sin, agony in range
Are less, their exaltation's less, or it is strange!

HORIZONS

TIME AND THE TIMELESS

Who shall ascend and deeply know how Time's
Long-rolling seas within man swell? First, truths
Most strange he meditates, how our blood churns gas
Co-aeval with Earth's birth, our bones' hard lime,
Blood's iron, from earliest ages comes,—we are
With Earth, but clotted wisps of nebulae!
Of dateless and unending fiery bricks
We are built up, and thus we rise for aye
From a broad substratum, timeless, mystical!
The Substance changes not, but the Forms do wave
And flow like the banks and bed, and the cyclic race
Of waters in stream and sea, on earth, through the
sky!

Each sense is aeons old: the jelly-globes
In hot Archean seas sight first did know:
Each instinct floats to us with faint strange scent
From creatures lost, remote;—parental love
From first Silurian fishes; silvery song
The Permian insect-warblers raised at dusk;
Societies, pelagic shoals, and nests,
And hives foreshadow'd. Each priz'd gift, each pain,
Each gladness, throbs in us from distant realms

TIME AND THE TIMELESS

Of Time in shapes conventional as form
Of Dragon to Celestials, as Pine
Stands symbol of Unchangingness from age
To age of Japanese ! Each impulse comes
With rhythmic lilt from far-off aeons : harps
Aeolian we, that wake to chords that ring and moan
With age-old harmonies ! The distant stars
Appear as they were centuries bygone !
So the Now and Yesterday, and Ancient Times
And Timelessness dwell conjoin'd as the Ocean's
swell,—

Whose calms and storms are still the same to-day
As they have been this hundred million years !
Earth-Soul's an Ocean deep ! Life swells slow up
And onward !—'Tis a heaving billow far
Upon the vasty main, which soars to spray
And then subsides ! Or 'tis an old spent tidal wave
Perchance, near foam, from Earth's old temporal
Seas

Up towards the silvery strands, the magic heights
Of a *solid* other Time ;—and Man's short race
A phantom streak of swirling water, soon to rise—
Wind-swept loose spindrift—from Earth's Sea to Heav'n's
strange Shores !
—High on those flower-strewn cliffs, those magic grassy
meads,

HORIZONS

One night, as star-mist rime, shall Man rejoin dead
Man

And pass into the Life, the Sun, the Skies known
There !

—Through life, in death, Oh Life beyond, sings thy
sweet call !

A CHORD IN THE COSMOS

A CHORD IN THE COSMOS

A quick death, or a slow death ?—
What does it matter at all !—
For we all go back through the same Gateway
To the great ancestral Hall.

We have fared far upon the Hills,
And far o'er the teeming Plains,
But one and all are due to return
To our Home with its ancient fanes.

There the sacred Forms of the Elements dwell
Wrapped in a god-like calm,
While their Messengers hasten to and fro
From the lands of the snow and the palm.

And Æther is there, the Parent of all,
Radiant, with benignant mien ;
And to Councils and Feasts come his Hundred
Sons :—
From Nebulum, childlike, serene,

HORIZONS

To Uranium, massive and slow, with a mind
Most profound. (Did you think, poor clod,
That Carbon was only in diamond and coal,
And was not a Soul and a God !)

Daily and nightly the messengers fly
To the House of the Element-Forms ;
And the death of a race or a world or a Star
—But a Patrol home from Life's storms !

The Element-Forms are a World apart,
No man can conceive how they dwell :
But we know we are one with their infinite life
And begin and end in their spell.

A quick death, or a slow death ?—
What does it matter at all !—
For all goes back through the same Gateway
To the great ancestral Hall.

‘ EITHER—OR ’

‘ EITHER—OR ’

HAS then the world of animals and men
 Sprung up like moss from some chaotic slime,—
 The fabled Home of Being at last through time
And space descried like some low misty fen—
Lands wild and bleak and desolate !—Or when
 We say ‘ corpuscles ’ are the bricks, the lime
 ‘ Electrical affinity,’ a rime
For babes like ‘ ma ’ and ‘ da ’ are we not lisping then ?

The unselfconscious charm of babes is o’er
The physicist when he expounds his lore
 Of radium, the sun’s and stars’ decline,
 The whirl of carbon compounds we call ‘ life ’ !
Their childlike imagery is or wine
 Or tears ! But are we Elders far beyond their
 strife ?

HORIZONS

MAN : THE HYBRID-SPORT

FROM that far-distant pool whence Lemuroid
And Simian and Anthropoid arose
Man sprang with swifter flight, and born to woes
And joys unknown to them. Yet in him a void
Yawns deep, in which he well could be destroyed :—
'Twixt ape-like haughty solitude which knows
Life's secret forests, heights, contemns all foes,
And the strong pack's unity,—tradition-buoyed !

Slave-empires failed ! They almost both combined !
But now in feral mood groups, nations snarl
And pounce : and sadly, cravenness we find,
Bombast, deceit and greed enthroned where pearl
Of mellow'd wisdom all might know. Ah, wind
The horn, good Lord, to harmony, or Man down
hurl !

NATURE AND MAN

NATURE AND MAN

Not much more than the ants'-nests on the plains
Is Man's activity o'er the wide Earth.—

He thinks he counts for much—but the vast dearth
Of Polar snows, grey seas, wide tundras, disdains
His company through the long night when reigns
Aurora in the firmament,—nor birth

He knows in forests where jaguars in mirth
Disport, nor where the sun and sand have their closed
domains !

This vast indifference of Nature weighs—

A mobile atmosphere—breathing from bounds

We know not of, of enterprises deep

Past mortal fathoming. 'Enough,' she says,

Or seems to say, 'each has his chance (my hounds

And falcons rarely unleash)—and you have

Joy,—and Sleep !'

HORIZONS

WAR-PESSIMISM

How bitterly upon our souls is borne

Our new-found knowledge that Man still must wait

Millenniums ere he grows ev'n to a state

Approaching perfectness. For each new morn

In those long years of peace the thought well-worn

Returned, that giv'n some slight decrease in hate

'Twixt classes, nations—a will to arbitrate—

Mankind would ere long proudly Earth adorn !

But War's new flood old sense of peril has raised :

The bloody hand of History stained with crimes

Still flares the sky : and Earth cold comfort

gives :—

For back before the Coal the insect-hives

Were perfected—to endure until such times

Perchance as Man has vanished, moth-like, crazed !

PEACE AND WAR

PEACE AND WAR

*'Une humanité complète et parfaite serait celle où ces deux formes de l'activité consciente [intuition et intelligence] atteindraient leur plein développement.'*¹—BERGSON.

STRANGE how a generation reared in peace
Can e'er forget its freedom was secured
By wars! Has Man so short an age endured
Intertribal conflicts—since the Eden-ease
Of balmy Pliocene—that he foresees
Not racial wintry storms, *instinct*-adjured!
The woodland folk depart, or lie immured
'Neath snows: but Man's oft destroyed by Fool-Caprice!

Shall Reason and Instinct not some day expand
And lead Man to a larger life, where, bless'd
With wide intelligence, intuition's wand,
Each shall attune his heart to Song, his breast
To perils steel, in a wondrous Theban Band—
With '*Vigilance—at Ease*' Man's last proud
Crest!

¹'Instinct' is automatic intelligence, though opposed in many ways to 'intelligence' in the narrower sense of 'cognition.' Bergson's dualism is untenable, though suggestive in its analysis.

HORIZONS

THE WAR AND THE SPIRIT OF EPICTETUS

IN war a crude philosophy is best

As 'On with the job, and damn the consequence!'

Or this—as friend and foe go whizzing 'West'—

'I've only once to die! Then how better hence
To go than with my "pals," shedding my blood

For Freedom?' In tight corners mind the lame slave's
'Some things are in our power,—as fortitude

And faithfulness: as to the weltering waves
Of circumstance, scorn them—"They *concern* us not!"'

'Life's like a game of ball:—indifferent
It flies; how we play counts!' He wisely fought

For clear nobility of soul unbent
Before the blasts of tyrannous days. Shall we,
His prosperous heirs, cower down before *this* tragedy?

‘ EQUALITY ’

‘ EQUALITY ’

All things to all men is a cryptic rule
That none dare follow blindly as a guide.
But for the broadly-built and brave, whom pride
Nor pliancy has worsted in the school
Of manhood, it is lodestone, yea, and tool
Whereby Man's life will yet be amplified,—
And Wisdom, Tolerance and Justice wide
O'er Earth in time hold sway, nor Love grow cool !

Few can be votaries of the golden Mean
In this strange world of warring ‘ principles ’ !
But Hun and criminal and prostitute
Have all *some* nobleness that must bear fruit
In that glad time when Man his self-caused ills
Shall shed, and found his final Home on Love serene !

HORIZONS

THE NEXT SPIRAL

THE edifice of a special Providence
 (Or jealous Fate)—pride-raised—will not endure
 The assaults which wider views of Earth, with sure
Destructive aim and gathering vehemence,
Now make on its outworn magnificence.
 Fewer and feebler to that once-secure
 Retreat the peoples go, for hardier pure
Race-founders know how the Gods sprang from Man's
 Intelligence !
Conceived in ignorance or guile or hope
 Each tribal deity has been forced to serve
Some tyranny !—But Earth will fully ope
 Man's eyes to see his place in Her : one swerve
His soul will make towards Freedom,—and new scope
 Her last experiment shall have skyward to curve !

RABELAIS

RABELAIS

COULD Rabelais return to earth, at first

He would halt bewildered, then with roving eyes

And pointing thumbs (a very child !) in size

He would swell all curious,—silent, lips up-pursed !

Ah ! what a flood of questions then would burst

Upon his guides ! What buffetings to prize

Their brains he would deal, to learn the Hows, the

Whys,

What's been, What might have been, What's bless'd,

What's curs'd !

Thou first enthusiast of man and earth

To emerge from mediaeval clouds and glooms,

We need thy elemental laugh's re-birth

(—And our foes . . . !). War's avalanche-like
flow, its tombs,

O'erwhelm us ;—wert thou here, once more the
Worth,

The Scorn, the Fun of Man would flood from thy
Pen's looms !

HORIZONS

RABELAIS AT SALONIKA !¹

At nightfall stumbling home my uneven way

(My *legs*, please note, were firm—it was the streets !)

I plumped round a corner into Rabelais !

‘ Pardon, m’sieur,’ say I ;—the phrase repeats
In echoing emptiness,—for he was gone !

Amazed I stood, for he was real, no sprite :—
The beard, the flowing coat, the *abandon*

With which his hat did tilt, the twinkling light
Deep in his eyes, the rumbling laugh, the cane—

Were his,—*no* doubt ! Since then he haunts my
thoughts

By day, by night ;—for down some hidden lane,

Behind some booth, in *some* wine-cellar, draughts
He quaffs, gay wisdom shares, with Frank, with Russ,
Italian, Serb and Jack,—and some fond Grecian puss !

¹ First published in the *Balkan News*, Salonika, Jan. 5th, 1917.

SUNSET AT SALONIKA

SUNSET AT SALONIKA

Look to the East ! The rosy sun's rays gleam
Upon the minarets of Salonique !—
Proudly they stand—the afterglow of dream
Of Muslim rule ! But now the rulers speak
From those few blue-grey battleships which float
Supreme ! Oh ! that our hard-won sea-might sure,
Our coming victory, a herald-note
May sound to Freedom,—not more Strife ! These
pure
Autumnal skies of Greece have known one swift
Sun-flight of Man ! And here may lie the key
To enchain the last Despots, to release the Gift
Of Conscious Racial Harmony ! Oh, see !
The sun-glow lights dark Hortiac ! See ! Mount
Olympos softens ! Sing then, Hope's deep Fount !

THE MOORS ABOVE —

Sept. 1916.

HORIZONS

KÂLI ON THE BATTLEFIELD

WHEN with reverberating crash great shells
And bombs come hurtling down—while like a rain
Bullets and shrapnel whistle, ping—amain
Fire-unbaptized first leap with wonder ! But Hell's
Own flood-gates soon rock loose within (death-knells
Sound out !—the piteously fair Earth fain
To escape shrinks trembling, violate !) till brain-
Bands burst in Fear or Hate—save where the Spirit quells.

'Tis Death, Deliveress, Life's Consort, come
In awful form to mutilate, or sear,
Or plant fell seeds ! Hers is the recipient womb
Absorbing millions, nurturing few—no tear
Can assuage her lust for oblivion ! See ! past the
tomb
Smiles Mother-Kâli, Goddess with blest Gift—
'no Fear' !

THE EARTH AND MAN

THE EARTH AND MAN

HAST thou loved the Earth when living,
Her scents and colours, songs and fruits ?—
Death will seem to thee but giving
Back thyself to Her who gave thee roots—
and all.

Strange is She, and fiercely tender,
Her moods are varied as the skies ;
Fools alone her queenly splendour
Barter for pale saints' monotonies !

For joyaunce of her lovers quarrel,
Nations, races wage long strife ;
She, true pagan, gives the laurel
To the victor, and her kiss of Life.

Lover is she, Sister, Mother,
All the Feminine in One ;
Fix her in one Form, another
Looms ! She's wisdom, witchery and fun !

HORIZONS

Lover for whose sole possession—

Call it ' Empire ' !—ages fight !

Deeper were the first impression—

And the last—of Mother in the Night !

Hast thou loved the Earth when living,

Her scents and colours, songs and fruits ?—

Death will seem no more than giving

Back thyself to Her who gave thee roots—and all !

PROJECTIONS

PROJECTIONS

SOME see the world in flat—all dim and grey
With darkening shadows on the outer bounds,—
Or desert-flat—where Night, the genii-sounds,
Mirage, and dust-storm the monotony
Of light and glare alone relieve : in high
Relief some see all limned—each form resounds
Instinct with melody : while others wounds
And pulsing throes project upon the sky.

Ah, does this vast expanse of earth and suns
Some hidden Fount of Blood and Tears enclose ?
All lines of Imagists, their million tons
Of Forms, are they not quaintly-false as those
First Nubian hieroglyphs ? Uncaught, Life runs
More deep more warm than Blood, more sweet
than Rose !

HORIZONS

HORIZONS

ABOVE the camps of men stretch untold Heights
Of Thought whose peaks eternally remain
To Man mysterious. Yet those who obtain
Far vision out o'er Earth and Man, by nights
By days have roamed up there, daring the sprites
Of fear and fancy, glooms and storms, the pain
Of separation, risk of death—till brain
And thews in unison sing with the Heavenly Lights !

The primal Sea of Nescience, mist-grey'd
Shimmers below (life's ancient Home !).—But
sway'd

Upwards are we to Hills !—to ridge, crevasse
And treacherous slope ! Nor can tragedies dissuade
The adventurous from their longing to surpass
Safe bounds, and more sublimely know Earth,
Stars,—God's Mass !

MEDITATION ON CHEDDAR CLIFFS

MEDITATION ON CHEDDAR CLIFFS

HERE 'neath the Mendips' immemorial wastes
Where Cheddar Gorge breaks out towards Avalon,
Nature and History in sculptured clay and stone
Depict how Time meanders musing,—or hastes,—
Childlike, with strange incalculable tastes !—
These cliffs high-pinnacled, these caves with cone
And rod, and stalactitic flood, unknown
Years moulding, yet soon tired with Romans', Britons'
feasts !

We men, though age-long is our ancestry,
With scant respect are treated by Time's whims,—
Who toys awhile with race and dynasty
And then obliterates,—the while he limns
With infinite care dark grotts ! But Eternity
Faint-vision'd deep in astral space Time's glory
dims.

HORIZONS

ON THOUGHT'S MARGE

ON some remotest marge 'neath midnight skies
Incomprehensibility around
Pervading fills the universe,—no sound
To stir the slumbering senses comes, all lies
Hush'd, breathless—is it death ?—Or in surprise
Has consciousness a visitor in bound
Of immateriality then found
Herself emerging, all strain past, and loos'd from ties ?

Presage of some new victory of mind
O'er sense, or quip of our half-sentient brain—
Who knows ?—But Rydal's Sage, wise Prospero
And ancient Ind built with such gleams their
low-
Thron'd world-transcendent kingliness, which
fain
Would Perfect be though all we know prove dream
or wind.

NOCTURNE

NOCTURNE

NIGHT-sauntering down the magic moonlit shore
Of some great river in an ecstasy
Of spaciousness and calm, the lucidity
Of soul's Time-vision penetrating core
And substance of the Unfolding,—Conquistador
Invulnerable riding!—transiently
From o'er the waters the muffled harmony
Of labour, pleasure sounds,—and remote as a new star's
 roar!

Consciously dwelling in the inward Sense,
 (Phantasmagorial moods of temporal throes,
And bitter self-entanglement's suspense
 Out-soaring) well the soul, her wings spreading,
 knows
That all existence shares Omnipotence
 And Beauty,—from dragon-fly to nebula which
 glows.

HORIZONS

RELATIVITY AND WISDOM

EARTH's life, with all our vast society,
A surface-film, like lichen, grows and fades
On this small twig in life's enchanted Glades—
Each Branch a Cluster, Tree a Galaxy !
Beneath the midnight skies the mystery
Of All envelops—down the Colonnades
Of those slow-folding Spirals Cavalcades
Of what Wild Huntsmen may not wind, glad, free ?

Dust-crumbling Empires are a point in vast
Immensity, a fleck of mist in Time's
Great Day ! When will freed Man, his spirit passed
From Self out towards Impermanence, with
Rhymes
And Song and Love, his Wisdom hard-amassed
Enjoy in a Flower-time, 'mid Nature's chimes ?

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